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STANDARD LITERATURE SERIES

EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, JR., PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND LOGIC IN UNION COLLEGE



UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK, BOSTON AND NEW ORLEANS

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Press of J. J. Little & Co.
Astor Place, New York

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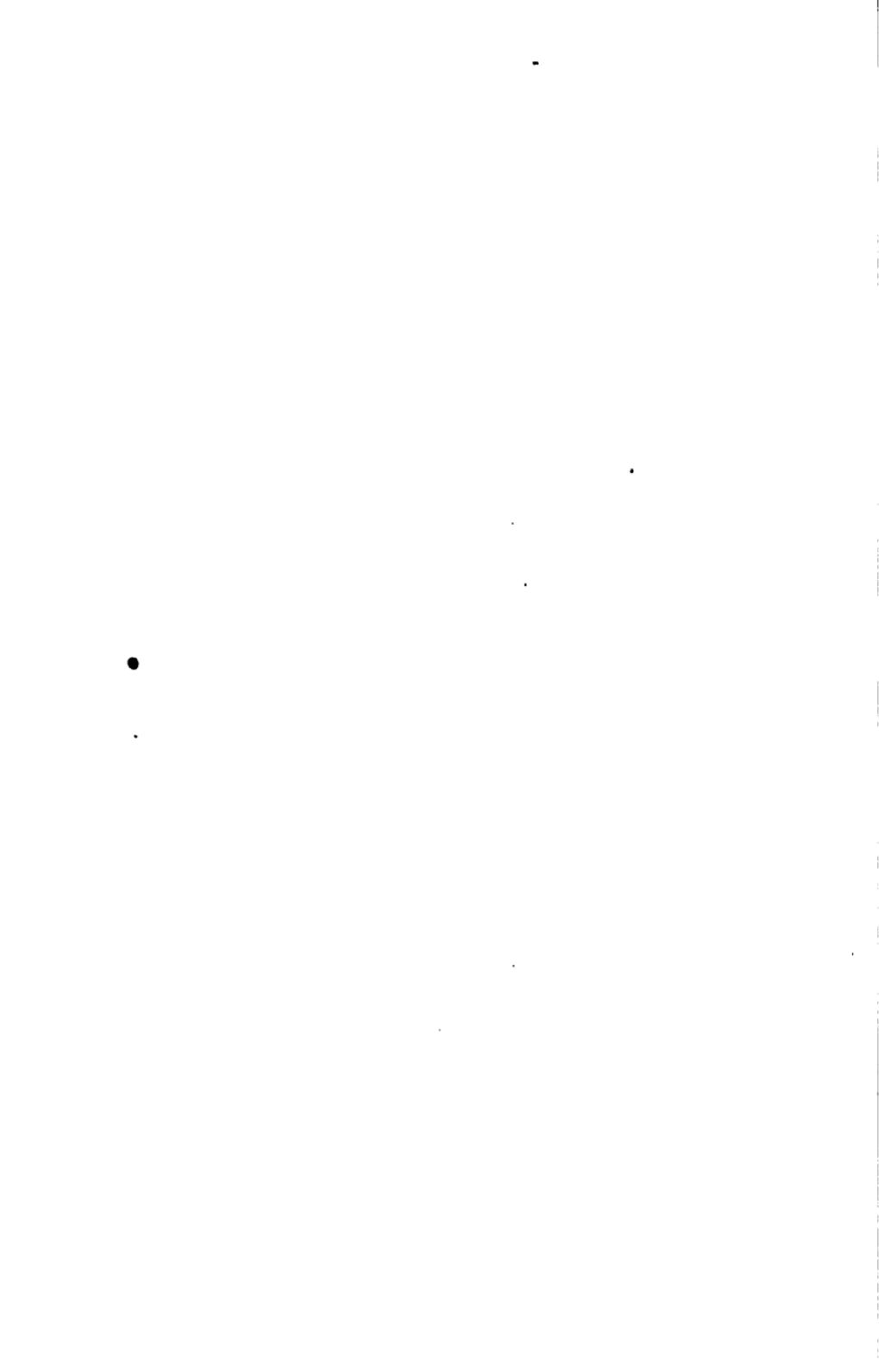
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INTRODUCTION TO EVANGELINE.

THE MAN AND THE POEM.

I. LONGFELLOW AS A POET.

a. *Biographical Note.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Me., February 27, 1807. He passed his earlier days in that seaport town, and at the age of fourteen went to Bowdoin College. As he neared the end of his college course, he desired more and more to devote himself to literature as a profession. Very fortunately, just about the time of his graduation, a professorship of modern languages was established at Bowdoin. To this position he was appointed, but first he took some years' leave of absence to travel abroad and fit himself more completely for his work. The years 1826-1829 he spent in Europe studying literature and the languages in the chief Continental nations. From 1829 to 1835 he remained at Bowdoin; in the latter year he was called to Harvard College as professor of modern languages. Again he went abroad before beginning his work, and spent some further time in study. In 1836 he took up his duties at Harvard. He lived the rest of his life in Cambridge, devoted to his college work and to literature.

He had early shown that he was to become a poet, a man of letters, as well as a scholar. In 1833 he published a book written partly during his travels, called "Outre Mer" (Beyond the Sea), a book not unlike Irving's "Sketch-Book" (1820), but devoted to France and Germany. In 1839, after his second journey, he published "Hyperion," a book full of the spirit of Germany and

Switzerland. These books were in prose, but late in the same year as the last, Longfellow published also "Voices of the Night," a volume of poems, partly made up of translations and partly of his own verses. More characteristic of the poet, however,—as though he were but slowly discovering his real power,—were "Ballads and Other Poems" (1841), and "The Belfry of Bruges" (1845), which contain some of his best known shorter poems. In 1847 came "Evangeline" (see p. 9); in 1849 "Kavanagh," a novel; and in 1850 another collection of poems, called "The Seaside and the Fireside."

In 1854 he resigned his professorship at Harvard to devote himself wholly to literature. He was now living with his wife¹ and four children in the well-known Craigie House in Cambridge, and here he lived till his death, gradually taking the position of chief and best loved poet of America. He had sorrows and griefs, as must every one, some very bitter; his wife died under very painful circumstances. For the most part, however, he lived calmly and happily until his death, March 24, 1882. Following up his interest in American subjects, he published in 1855 "Hiawatha," a poem of Indian legend; in 1857, "The Courtship of Miles Standish"; in 1863 came "Tales of a Wayside Inn"; in 1872, "Christus"; in the last ten years of his life, "The Hanging of the Crane" (1874), "The Masque of Pandora" (1875), "Kéramos" (1878), "Ultima Thule" (1880). We must note also his translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy," which appeared in 1867, exhibiting his power not only as a poet but as a scholar.

b. *Poetic Character.*

We may easily learn what were the main events in the life of Longfellow, where he lived, what was his work, what he wrote. But we must always remember that with a poet these things are only of minor importance. We wish to learn them that we may not be ignorant of the life of one we respect and admire; we have about Longfellow's life the same curiosity that we have about the lives of any of our friends. We like to know what they are doing, how they are living. But with a friend, though we are interested in the record of his goings and comings, of the places

¹ His second wife. His first wife had died during his second journey abroad.

where he has lived, and of the work that he has done, we never make the mistake of thinking that such a record is our friend.

So with a poet, only to a greater degree. All sorts of things about a poet interest us. We like to know how he looked, what sort of house he lived in, what he said and did, and all these things are good as finishing touches. The interest in them is natural, if we love the work of the poet. But they should never seem to us very important and they should never obscure from us the real thing the poet has for us.

Now what is it that Longfellow has for us? What has any poet for us? What is a poet?

A poet is an artist who expresses himself in words, in poetry, in a particular way. But, as an artist, he is a soul of the same kind as the painter, the sculptor, the musician. An artist is a man who discovers the beauty of the world; it may have been hidden from the ordinary eye until he came, but just because it is beauty, we know it and love it when he shows it to us.

If then a poet is such a man, if he has so much for us, if he is one who can show us Beauty in this world of ours, which we are so used to that we too often hurry through it without thinking of it as anything more than a railroad track on which to reach Money, Success, Honor; if he can do this for us, how foolish to bother ourselves about minor matters, except as all minor matters are of interest to us concerning anyone whom we love and honor.

Anyone whom we love and honor, I say—for that is what a poet should be to us; he should be a friend to us, an older and wiser friend, of nobler and finer nature than our own, but one who will gladly, willingly, give us of his best.

So then of Longfellow especially, what is it that he has given us? What can we say of his poetry?

We shall think rightly of Longfellow's poetry if we remember what it was to the American people of his time. Longfellow served to awaken and kindle the taste and feeling of the American people for what was poetic and beautiful. Not that no one in America had enjoyed poetry and beauty before Longfellow,—far from that. But no one had expressed it in America as he expressed it; we had no great poets before Longfellow. Indeed, as a people, we had very little poetic appreciation. Longfellow was a sort of Apostle. He showed us much. He was a Discoverer in

our behalf ; a Discoverer, as I have said, of the Beautiful in life. So he was a great educator; he attuned the mind of our people to the beautiful and the ideal.

Something of the same sort is Longfellow apt to be to every one of us. We all read Longfellow early in life, often in school, before we have read much else, before we have seen much of this world that the poets write of. It is an impressionable age. Longfellow moulds our taste. He delights us, and it is from him that we learn a kind of delight different from the ordinary pleasures of life. He is simple and direct. We read his beautiful verse without difficulty ; it seems natural, and we become habituated to poetic thought and to poetic form. Later in life, if we desire, we may pass from his exquisite and gracious mood to poets of a more profound or a more passionate nature. But Longfellow never loses his place with us. He is the guide who first led us to the enchanted country, the interpreter who first made us understand its language.

At first Longfellow was fascinated by the beauty and romance of the Old World, nor did this interest ever leave him. He read much in old-world literature and travelled in foreign countries. Their old legends and traditions were a delight to him. Chronicles, romances, tales, these had always the strongest attraction for Longfellow, and many are the poems inspired by his love of far and foreign lands. Translations from foreign languages, poems of foreign places, and, most of all, romantic tales from old-world history or traditions—these were at first the favorite themes for Longfellow's poetry. How many such poems are familiar to you,—“The Legend Beautiful,” “Sandalphon,” “King Robert of Sicily,” “King Olaf.”

There is one among them which is particularly interesting, “The Skeleton in Armor.” You know that there was found¹ an actual skeleton clad in the rusty remains of armor. To Longfellow, full of the romance of the North, the discovery called up at once the picture of the sea robber; his imagination created the bride for whom had been built the bower which, as he would have it, still stands looking seaward in the city of Newport.

The poet's imagination reaches out from the Old World to the

¹ At Fall River, Mass.

New, and connects them in his Romance. Not only the romance of the Old World, but of the New, is to be his theme.¹ This poem, joining the two, stands significantly among his earlier works and brings us to another and a far more important division of his work.

He introduces us to the romance of foreign lands and olden times. But have we not always known that distant lands were strange lands and that olden times were good times? We need little persuasion to find beauty and delight and charm in the legend of monkish tradition, in the lay of the singer of long ago, or in quaint old German towns or fascinating Spanish cities. All this Longfellow gives us; but more important than this, he discovers to us the poetry in our own land, and even in our own time. A true American, he could not, as a true poet, be content with forever imagining and fancying the romance and charm of life in foreign lands; as an American, the history of his own country called him.

It was in the year 1847 that "Evangeline" was written. Longfellow heard the story from Mr. Conolly, a friend of Hawthorne's, when the three were dining together in Cambridge. Mr. Conolly had suggested it to Hawthorne as the subject for a story, but Hawthorne did not feel moved to write anything. On Longfellow, however, the tale made a deep impression, and he asked his friend² if he had meant to write anything on it. Hawthorne said "No," and Longfellow took the idea himself.

If he ever wondered whether a simple story, chosen from American history, could be as popular as his tales from foreign romance, his doubts were at once laid at rest. There is no other one of Longfellow's poems, no tale of Germany, Spain, or the far North, that has achieved the fame of this idyll; no story of monk, or knight, or lady, that touches us as does this of the simple farmer's girl. It is said that one sure note of the beautiful in art is that the image rises before us again and again, when we no longer

¹ May 3, 1888, some time before the poem appeared, he wrote in his diary, "I have been looking at the old Northern Sagas, and thinking of a series of ballads or a romantic poem on the deeds of the first bold viking who crossed to this western world,

with storm-spirits and devil-machinery under water. New England ballads I have long thought of. This seems to be an introduction."

² Longfellow and Hawthorne had been in the same class at Bowdoin.

have the work with us, and always with satisfaction and delight. If that be so, how beautiful is "Evangeline"! For we rarely think of Longfellow without the thought coming to our mind of that pathetic, almost tragic, figure of the wanderer, first plunged in grief—then patient—then resigned.

It is curious to think of Hawthorne and Longfellow together; the contrast between the two does much to show us more clearly what was the character of our great poet. As we read Hawthorne, we seem to be leading a brooding and secluded life, a life that permits a little intense observation of the world outside, but which takes in its impressions and submits them to some mysterious alchemy whereby all becomes dun-colored and gray, though here and there shot with some rich dash of magnificence—a life where we dimly perceive unerring and inevitable causes, where the springs of action are vaguely apparent, sometimes clearer, sometimes less clear. But we live as in an old library in a vast and gloomy house in the midst of an old, neglected garden, shut away from the street by rows of pine-trees.

But Longfellow—Longfellow is very different. As we read the volume of his verse, we seem to be living a sweet and gracious life, each day bringing with it some thought for poetic meditation and joy. One day it is a recollection of olden time beyond the sea,—of the splendid life at Bruges, of the quaint old town of Nuremberg; sometimes it is something here at home, the summer's rain that quickens our thought, or the river Charles that flows beyond the fields that lie at the foot of the lawn; sometimes we stand on the Bridge by night and watch the swift-flowing river beneath. Or sometimes it may be that day after day passes in thought of some longer tale, perhaps "Evangeline," or "Hiawatha," while sometimes there comes a more serious thought or a sterner flash of indignation at some tale of wrong. But always our poet's mind has made the thought beautiful: nothing is harsh, discordant, disjointed, disturbing, inharmonious, jangling. It is always melodious, as of some distant song; it is gentle like the winds in the pines of summer; it is grateful like the night after a parching day.

II. EVANGELINE.

a. *Character and Subject.*

“Evangeline” is a narrative poem; it tells a story. Narrative poetry is generally the first kind of poetry to arise among a people. It is simpler and easier to understand than some other kinds of poetry; and it appeals to a very general interest, the love of a story. The “Iliad” and the “Odyssey” are of the highest type of narrative poetry, and they arose among a rude and only partly civilized people.

These two great poems are called epics; but all narrative poems are not epics, although the name “epic poetry” is often used meaning no more than narrative poetry as distinct from dramatic poetry or lyric poetry. There are many kinds of narrative poetry. There are Fables, short tales with a moral. There are Ballads, which often deal with short stories of adventure. There are Tales in verse, sometimes romantic, sometimes humorous. “Evangeline” is what is called an Idyll.

The word Idyll comes from a Greek word meaning originally “a little picture.” The name was given, however, so often to short narrative poems giving pictures of simple country life that it has now a somewhat different meaning—an Idyll is now generally understood to be a narrative poem of no very great length, of a simple, pastoral, homely character, relying for its effect upon the gentle emotions it calls up and on its descriptions of natural scenes.¹

In reading the poem of “Evangeline” we shall do well to think particularly about some of its qualities and characteristics; to think of some of the things that please us, that we may enjoy

¹ Tennyson in his “Idylls of the King” uses the word in a somewhat different sense: his themes are not simple, pastoral, homely; they are romantic, glittering, passionate. Browning also, in his “Dramatic Idyls,” does not hold closely to the old signification; the poems grouped under this name have rarely any simple and pastoral

character. These two great poets have done something to give a new meaning to the word. Generally, however, when we say “idyllic” we mean something more like “Evangeline,” something romantic, but sweet, tender, natural, dealing generally with love and often with sorrow.

them the more. The poet himself, at the beginning of the poem, gives us an idea of the kind of tale that he is to relate:

“ Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman’s devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.”

Evangeline’s affection, hopeful and patient of much suffering, her devotion, strong and beautiful, this is the theme of the poem, this is the idea embodied in the tradition on which the story is based. Ask yourselves where Evangeline’s devotion appears best presented ; think of her devotion to her father as well as to her lover. Find examples of her hopes, of her endurance of sorrow. When I think of her I am apt also to think of another well-known figure famous for love, devotion, patience, another poor girl who went on a hard journey, though not so long as Evangeline’s and with happier end, the figure of Jeanie Deans in “The Heart of Mid-Lothian.” But each one will think of Longfellow’s heroine in his own way ; the thing that is important is, that we realize the story, make it real to us, and that we appreciate as far as we are able the poetic character of the tradition.

b. *The Historic Facts.*

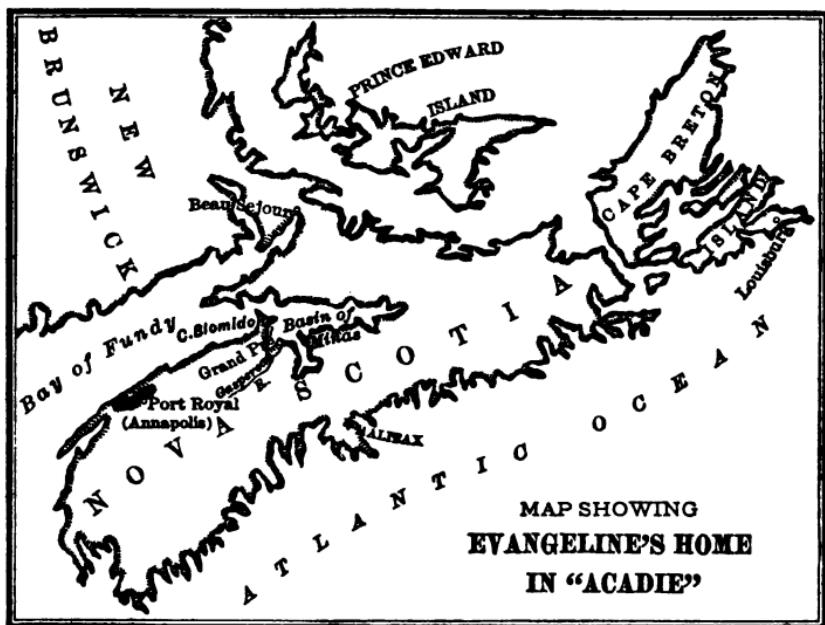
In the case of this poem we must also know a little about the historic facts with which the poem deals, for although the tale of Evangeline and her lover is, as Longfellow says, a “mournful tradition,” yet the main outlines of the banishment of the Acadians and their wide dispersion are matters of history.

All through the first half of the eighteenth century the French colonies in Canada, and the English colonies in what is now the United States, were constantly at war.

The home countries were at war during 1697-1713 (War of the Spanish Succession), and 1740-1748 (War of the Austrian Succession), and 1756-1763 (Seven Years’ War), and, of course, at these times the colonies went to war also ; in colonial history these wars were called Queen Anne’s War, King George’s War, and the French and Indian War. Even in times of formal peace, how-

ever, there were often hostilities. America was not large enough for the French and the English too ; one side had to conquer the other. The Acadians were French by descent; and Acadia, or Nova Scotia, had been French by settlement and possession until 1713, when, at the close of Queen Anne's War, it was ceded to England.

The English did not at once settle in the country, nor assume regular control over the Acadians, who got into the habit of regard-



ing themselves as neutrals, being French in sympathy, but English in law. If it had been a time of peace they might perhaps have so remained; but as it was, in the hostilities that were every now and again breaking out between the French and English colonies in America, the Acadians found it harder and harder to maintain their neutral position. The English to the south looked upon them with suspicion, the French to the north would have been glad of their assistance. The Acadians refused to take the oath of allegiance to the King of England (cf. l. 456), and they were thought, with some reason, to have aided the French and

Indians in their raids upon New England. They were, in fact, a constant menace to the colonies to the south; not that as a people they had hostile designs, but they would not make themselves assured friends, and there were some among them who were only waiting for an opportunity to separate themselves from the English, who differed from them in race and religion.

The New England colonies saw that unless some severe measures were taken Nova Scotia could not be saved to England, and that Nova Scotia should remain English was necessary to the safety of New England. It was resolved, not by England but by New England, that the Acadians should be dispossessed of their country. At the particular time, the English settlers were in alarm at Braddock's defeat. It was a harsh act, but it seemed to be an act necessary to self-preservation. Not only must the Acadians be taken from Acadie, but they could not be allowed to retire to the friendly colonies, thereby to strengthen the power of England's enemies. They must be brought to the English colonies and scattered among them, lest, being together, they should do some harm. About six thousand Acadians were taken from their homes and sent to the various English colonies; about three thousand five hundred escaped and found their way to Canada. The act seems to have been one of the horrible necessities of war. Doubtless it is no more to be justified on that account than is the slaughter of many times six thousand in one great battle¹; but, on the whole, not much more brutal or inhuman. When we read "Evangeline," we need not feel fiercely toward the English (or, more exactly, toward the New Englanders), as if they had devised an unprovoked act of pure cruelty. The Acadians were many of them secret enemies, and as a people they would not give the necessary assurance of being trustworthy friends.

Another historical point we must recollect. If you trace Evangeline's wanderings on a map, you will see that the line wanders over the United States from east to west and from south to north. But you must remember that at the time that Evangeline wandered over those vast regions the Thirteen Colonies, and after them the United States, held only the narrow territory between the Alleghanies and the sea. Their claims extended far to the west, but

¹ As Waterloo, for instance, or Gettysburg, where more than fifty thousand were killed or wounded on both sides.

their settlements were confined to a narrower compass. Therefore when Evangeline went to Louisiana she met Basil, who had almost become a Spanish herdsman (see note on l. 997), and when she wandered in the Rocky Mountains it was a French priest



(l. 1189) whom she met at the mission in the Ozark Mountains, and with French guides (l. 1234) that she sought Gabriel in Michigan. One word more should be said of the fortunes of the Acadians. As time went on, a few of them found their way back to their old homes, as we hear in the last lines of the poem. But a larger number (among them Basil of the poem) found their way

to Louisiana, which, although then belonging to Spain, was still French in feeling. Here they were well received by those of their own language and religion. They found homes, as the poet tells us, in the fertile country by the river Têche, where they settled comfortably and permanently. "Their descendants are to be found in every parish of lower Louisiana," writes Alcée Fortier. "They form an important and useful part of our population." Although a simple farming people, they have had some men of eminence in the state, and their lot has been by no means miserable.

c. *The Metre.*¹

When you begin to read poetry aloud, you become aware that one of the great differences between poetry and prose lies in what is called metre. Another difference lies in rhyme; but although rhyme is common in poetry, it is not necessary. Much of the world's greatest poetry has no rhyme. The poetry of the Greeks and Romans had none; the poetry of the Hebrews had none. Much English poetry has none, as, for example, "Evangeline." Modern English poetry, however, almost invariably has metre.

Metre is practically but another name for rhythm in poetry. We use the word "rhythm" for other things than poetry; we mean by it a regular recurrence of sounds and intervals. We might speak of "the rhythm of the surf upon the beach," meaning the regularly recurring sound of the breakers. In poetry the regular recurrence is called metre or rhythm, the former being a more definite word.

In English, rhythm is the regular recurrence of accented syllables among unaccented syllables. In prose the accent of the words is not regular; the accents in a sentence come at no fixed interval. But in poetry the accents come at intervals that we can realize.

"On the Mountains of the Prairie, on the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry, Gitche Manitou the Mighty, he the Master of Life descending, on the red crags of the quarry, stood erect and called the nations, called the tribes of men together."

¹ If the pupils cannot understand this matter readily, the teacher, at least, should study it carefully and explain it to them.

In these lines from Longfellow's "Hiawatha," the fact that they are printed as prose will not conceal from you the fact that the accent falls regularly on every other syllable, beginning with the first. Sometimes it is not a very strong accent, as in the fourth word, *of*; but even on *of* there is more accent than on the syllables *-tains* and *the* just before and after it. In *Master of Life* there are two syllables between the accents, but generally the recurrence is so regular that we become accustomed to it and hardly notice a slight variation. It is usual in writing and printing poetry to divide it into lines, commonly with an equal number of accents in each line, and the disposition of the accents in the line is taken as the basis for the metre.

There are many different arrangements of rhythms, differing in the arrangement of the accented and unaccented syllables. The metre of "Evangeline" is called hexameter, because there are six accents to the line. In the hexameter, as written in English, we have a recurrence of accented syllables, with sometimes one unaccented syllable following, sometimes two. It is also the rule of the metre that the line shall begin with an accented syllable, and that the last accent but one of each line shall be followed by two unaccented syllables¹ and the last by one only. If then we represent an accented syllable by *a*, an unaccented syllable by *x*, we may write the scheme of the hexameter line as follows :

ax or axx, ax or axx, ax or axx, ax or axx, axx, ax.

To show how the metre really sounds, let us take the first line of "Evangeline":

"This is the fórest priméval. The múrmuring pínes and the hémlocks."

The first syllable has the accent, and each accented syllable is followed by two unaccented syllables, except the last, which has only one.

"Beárded with móss, and in gárments greén, indistinct in the twilight."

Here the third accent also is followed by one unaccented syllable only, *gárments greén*.

¹ For an exception, see 1, p. 19.

"Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic."

Here the first, third, and fourth accents, as well as the last, have but one unaccented syllable following. If we write the first three lines with *a* and *x* as above, they would go :

axx axx axx axx axx ax
axx axx ax axx axx ax
ax axx ax ax axx ax

Read a number of lines, noting the accent. You will find it falls on the syllables that would be accented in prose, but that the words are so arranged as to have this regular recurrence, which gives the language a special character.

Notice a few points:

1. In l. 622.

"Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops."

axx axx ax axx ax ax.

The fifth accent has but one unaccented syllable after it. So it is also in ll. 489, 812, 953, 1106. Otherwise, the end of each line is always the same, *axx ax*, leaving the beginnings for variation.

2. There is almost always something of a pause about the middle of a line, which gives a pleasant effect; it is called a *caesura*. The line is long; this divides it. But the variation in placing the pause does away with monotony.

3. You must not mark the ends of the lines strongly unless there is a punctuation mark.

"Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung Over his shoulders." ll. 270, 271.

Here, as often, you must run right on from one line to another.

4. Sometimes the marking of the end of the verse gives a special effect:

"So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked." l. 217.

Compare l. 274.

When you have become accustomed to the movement, you will find it not at all difficult except in some few cases. The metre, however, has some inconveniences, the most important of which arise from the fact that the line must begin with an accent. Now an English sentence sometimes begins with an accent, but rather more often it does not. You will easily notice, by reading a good number of sentences, that less than half begin with an accented syllable. Hence the poet will often find a difficulty in beginning the line with a sentence, and yet he may often wish to do so. Longfellow gets around the difficulty in three ways, none good in their effect.

1. He puts an unnatural accent on the first word.

"But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome." l. 114.

In prose we should not accent *But*, but the second syllable of *among*.

2. He inverts the usual word-order.

"White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves." l. 64.

Inversion is often met with in poetry, and is not displeasing. Here, however, seven lines (62-68) begin with an inversion, which becomes unnatural. It is better when it occurs seldom. Then it gives emphasis, as in

"Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean." l. 5.

But when often used it ceases to be emphatic; for we get used to it, and it becomes a conventionality.

3. He begins a sentence or a clause in the middle of the line, and lets it run over into the next. In itself there is no harm in this practice, but it tends to diffuseness. That is to say, the habit of running the sentence over the line to the next, tends to accustom one to ending a sentence in the middle of a line. It is then necessary to begin a new sentence, and this usually runs over into the next line, and so the temptation is to run on and on, and spin the story out.

These, however, are but slight drawbacks and will not greatly bar your enjoyment of the poem.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

It is well to read the poem several times; one would get but a slight idea of it by reading it only once. A true classic improves on each reading, and one may go over it again and again, and always find some new pleasure. According as there is time for a cursory reading only, or for a more careful reading with, perhaps, some critical study, the following suggestions are divided into three heads. If there is time only for a rapid reading, the points suggested in I. (pp. 20, 21) should be followed; if there is time, II. (pp. 21-25) should be added; while if it be advisable to go on to textual study, some suggestions will be found in III. (pp. 25-27).

I. FOR A CURSORY READING.

In reading the poem for the first time, you should try (a) to read it aloud well and pleasantly, and (b) to get a good understanding and appreciation of the story. You will find that you cannot read it easily and pleasantly without some knowledge of the metre, but the few pages (16-19) on the subject, already given, will be enough to give you an idea of that. With a little practice you will find no difficulty.

The second matter is even easier. "Evangeline" is a simple story, and by no means hard to follow. It is a good plan to write down, as you go along, the substance of each part. To give an abstract of the whole story is a more difficult matter; it must be so compressed, it is so necessary to mention only the truly important things, that it is by no means easy.¹ It is not hard, however, to tell what happens in each part, and as you read each part you may write the story of it in prose, and finally put all the parts together. A particular part might be something like this :

¹ R. L. Stevenson gives a good example in his account of the story of "Kidnapped," prefixed to "David Balfour."

THE ACADIANS IN LOUISIANA.

(Part II., Section III.)

After a long journey down the Ohio and the Mississippi, Evangeline and Father Felician reached a part of the country where many of the Acadians had found refuge. It was in Louisiana, out of the dominions of the hated English. Here they were received joyfully by Basil, now no longer a smith but a ranchman, and owner of great herds of cattle. But from him they learned, to their immense disappointment, that Gabriel, becoming more and more restless, had finally started off on a long excursion to the north, hunting and trapping—had even passed them on the river as they slept. But Basil bids them take courage—on the morrow they will follow him. Friends come in, old neighbors, among them Michael the fiddler, and the evening is spent in a joyous feast. Only Evangeline wanders forth in the evening with melancholy longing. On the morrow they start forth, but they cannot overtake Gabriel. They reach the Spanish town which had been his destination, only to find that he had come and gone on the day before.

When you have written several of these abstracts, you will find that you are quite familiar with the story. Your abstracts should give in a shorter form the same story as the poem, but should not mention or refer to the poem itself, or to the poet. They should be simple and direct, but as lively and interesting as possible. It is well not to use the present tense throughout. Titles may be given each part as above.

II. FOR A MORE CAREFUL READING.

In reading the poem a second time, (a) a little more care may be given to each part to see just what place it holds in the poem, what relation it has to the other parts; (b) we may well study the characters somewhat; and (c) it is a good plan to memorize some of the passages.

a. Further Study of the Story.

As to the further study of the poem, part by part. Let us look at the part of which we have already spoken, Bk. II., Pt. III. We may notice:

1. It begins with a description (ll. 888-910¹) of forest and farm which you may compare with that in the beginning of the poem (ll. 20-36, 82-102). Some of the Acadians have found a comfortable, happy resting-place. Basil praises it highly (ll. 986-998); it is beautiful and romantic, but we feel the difference between its luxurious and tropical charm and the simple old heartiness of Grand-Pré.

2. Basil, too, has changed from the village smith who made horseshoes while the children looked on, who played checkers with Benedict in the winter evenings; he has become the half-Spanish herdsman of the Southwest, most at home on his horse looking after his immense herds of cattle.

3. Here is the first real disappointment. In Part II., Section I., we are told that Evangeline had long sought Gabriel. In the next section we see how they missed each other, but in ignorance. Here we have the first picture of actual disappointment. Here the poet is more detailed and particular than in the next section, which, in rapid narration, recounts the future fruitless search. Here he brings strongly before us the keen disappointment of Evangeline by recalling to our minds the happier time when she and Gabriel were together. (Compare ll. 1026-1058 with ll. 369-381.)

Such things as this give us something of an idea of the fulness of interest that the poem has. Every part has something to be noticed, and now that you have already read the poem through once, you will have a better idea of what each point means.

b. Study of the Characters.

We may also study in a little more detail the characters. It is better to begin with one of the minor characters. The full appreciation of the character of Evangeline requires a fuller

¹ The teacher is advised to be careful to see that the pupil be always able to point out just the passage that he is speaking of. It does much to give a habit of accuracy, too often thought needless in the study of literature.

knowledge of the poem than we now have. Take rather for study, Basil, Benedict Bellefontaine, Father Felician, or Leblanc. One may study a character in various ways ; here are several :

1. Gather together all that the poet says of any particular character, summarizing each mention. Let us take Leblanc.
- ll. 268-272. His personal appearance.
273-275. He was father and grandfather.
275-277. He had been friendly to the English.
277-279. He was unsuspicious and straightforward, though warier as the years went on.
279-287. His fund of folk-lore.
293-297. He answers Basil modestly and without suspicion.
301-325. He illustrates his assurance that right will prevail, by his favorite story.
334, 340. We have something of his manner.
711. His son Baptiste is mentioned.
1260, 1261. He dies in Philadelphia, with but one of his many children at his side.

These are the facts that the poet gives us: now to turn them into a short sketch.

FATHER LEBLANC.

A figure who might be taken as in himself a sufficient example of the Acadian people and of the misery caused by their separation is René Leblanc, the old notary. He lived in assured comfort in the old village, known and loved, in the midst of a great family ; he died almost alone in a great city, his children and grandchildren scattered and far away from him. Unsuspicious and guileless, perhaps credulous, he had still a dignity and firmness which made him respected as well as loved. Though old and bent with age, he had the simplicity of the children who loved to hear his stories and to listen to his watch. He believed in right and truth, and doubtless he bore misfortune when it came without murmuring. Not wholly like his own people was he in his friendship for the English ; but he was involved in the common exile.

The same course should be followed with some other character.

2. After we have well in mind what the poet tells us of one or another, it is often interesting to think a little of what kind of character is presented to us, and here we may be helped by remembering other characters we may know of. Let us take Father Felician, the village priest. There are many presentations in literature of the character of the good pastor. Probably the most famous are those of Chaucer in the Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales" (ll. 477-528), and of Goldsmith in "The Deserted Village" (ll. 137-192) and in "The Vicar of Wakefield."¹ The word Pastor meant originally Shepherd (cf. l. 857); it will be good to read what the Good Shepherd says of himself in John x. 1-5 and 10-17, and also to compare what Milton says of bad shepherds in "Lycidas," ll. 113-129.

Now, can you find elsewhere the character of the smith to compare with Basil? Perhaps you will think of another poem of Longfellow, and perhaps you have read Sir Walter Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth."

3. Often a poet will present two characters so contrasted together that each will bring out more strongly the individuality of the other. In Evangeline we have the hearty farmer Benedict Bellefontaine and the stout smith Basil Lajeunesse, dear friends; but, as is often the case with friends, men of very different stamp. What difference in character is shown by their occupations? Does the poet show any differences by the adjectives he applies to them, by the way he makes them speak and act? What difference is shown by their thoughts as to the coming of the British? Why is it Basil, not Benedict, who protests in the church? What happens to each? How does each bear misfortune? Is anything indicated by the difference in character between Benedict's prosperity in Acadia and Basil's in Louisiana? Look up the passages in the poem that give the answers to such questions, and you will have material for a good comparison. Then see if there is opportunity for any other good comparisons.

¹ If the pupils cannot readily read these references, the teacher should read them or tell of them. In "The Deserted Village" it will also be interesting to compare ll. 341-406 with ll. 588-665 of "Evangeline," and see which is best liked.

c. Memorizing.

Beside this study of the story and the characters, it is well on a second reading to choose good passages of the poem and to memorize them. Sometimes two or three lines will be enough, as ll. 351, 352, or 781-785, but it is good also to know longer passages, like the very beginning, ll. 1-19, or ll. 280-287, ll. 170-191, ll. 1089-1100. It is best for the students, with some guidance, to choose the passages for themselves, and if possible to give good reasons for what they choose.

After the second reading is the right time for a little study of the poet's life and character, and the place of our poem in his life. The pupils may study pages 5-12 of this introduction: the teacher should explain the historic facts, or let the pupils study pages 12-16.

III. FOR TEXTUAL STUDY.

We may now turn our attention to a number of minor matters. If we had considered them at first, our attention might easily have been distracted from things more important. But now that we can read the poem pleasantly and rightly, now that we have thought over the story and the characters, now that we know something of the author and of how the poem was written—now we can study all the little things that go to give us a full understanding and appreciation of the poet's thoughts. We shall want now to look up allusions, to stop and think over particular words or figures of speech; to notice all that is conveyed, by arrangement and disposition of the subject matter, in the way the poet tells the story; now and then it will be useful, by way of review and to be sure that we always have the meaning, to do a little grammatical analysis. Here the teacher must take the lead, asking questions and showing the way to find out the answers. We give, only as suggestion, a number of questions. In this work the notes will be of help, but they are not meant to tell everything: one must frequently turn to the dictionary, the encyclopedia, and to other books of reference.

a. *Allusions.*

Explain the italicized words in the following lines or phrases :

1. "Stand like *Druids of eld.*" l. 3.
2. "the *sign of the Scorpion.*" l. 149.
3. "*Louisburg is not forgotten.*" l. 249.
4. "From the church no *Angelus* sounded." l. 589.
5. "There the long-absent *pastor* regain his flock and his sheepfold." l. 858.
6. "No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads." l. 997. What does Basil mean here?
7. "As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, *Upharsin.*" l. 1044.

b. *Imagery.*

When a poet writes he is constantly seeing resemblances and likenesses, and a great part of his poetic beauty is apt to lie in his comparisons, or his imagery as it is often called. Sometimes we appreciate these comparisons more fully by thinking them over and studying them. *E.g.*, l. 153. This figure is drawn from the Bible. Are there any other such in the poem? What is the effect of a biblical comparison?

We can easily make a loose distinction between the things of Man and the things of Nature. In ll. 442-447 something human is compared to something natural, and we can see beauty in the comparison. In 908-910 something natural is compared to the work of man.

1. Can you find other examples of these kinds of comparison?
2. Can you find comparisons in which natural things are compared to other works of nature (l. 911)?
3. Can you find some in which man or the things he makes or does are compared to other human matters (l. 453)?
4. How would you class the figure in l. 1250? in l. 1098?

c. *Words.*

1. *Primeval* (l. 1). What ideas does the word suggest?
2. What are *dikes* (l. 24)? In what country are they commonest?

3. Explain the meaning and composition of *hamlets* (l. 387).
4. What is the meaning of *tocsin* (l. 466)? of *curfew* (l. 354)?
5. What is the origin of the word *dirge* (l. 729)?
6. Why *coast* (l. 750)? The country was not by the sea.
7. What is an *amorpha* (l. 1091), and whence the name?
8. What are *mendicant* crows (l. 1211)?

d. *Structure of the Poem.*

1. What is suggested by the comparison of ll. 369–381 with ll. 1026–1058?
2. What is suggested by the comparison of ll. 1381–1399 with ll. 1–19?
3. Does the poet speak more particularly, with more detail, in II., iii., or in II., iv? What is his reason?
4. Why should Benedict be the one to die before the departure? Why not Basil?
5. Why in ll. 147–158 does the poet lay stress on the prospects of a hard winter? Why does he turn immediately to Indian Summer?
6. In l. 8 what is the significance of the comparison with the roe?
7. Why does the poet choose Philadelphia as the scene of his conclusion rather than New York or Washington?
8. What is the significance of the stories of Mowis and Lilinau (ll. 1138–1149)?

e. *Grammatical Study.*

If it be thought best to give some grammatical study, the best kind of work will suggest itself easily to the teacher. Difficult sentences should be analyzed, words of which the syntax gives trouble may be parsed, the derivation and composition of words may be noted. But the points which come up in the daily reading will be a better guide than any which might be suggested here, for they will be more suited to the needs of any given class.

EVANGELINE.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids¹ of old,² with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar,³ with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,

10

¹ priests of ancient Gaul and Britain. They performed their religious ceremonies in groves of oak, and the trees, as well as the mistletoe sometimes growing upon them, were regarded by them as sacred. The name Druid comes ultimately from a Keltic word meaning "magician," but in Keltic as in Greek the near resemblance to the word for "oak" (see l. 1,257) has given rise to an idea of connection.

² of old.

³ gray-haired harpers.

" His wither'd cheek, and treasess gray,
Seem'd to have known a better day;
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear."

SCOTT'S *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October

Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.¹

15

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,

Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,

List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;

List to a Tale of Love in Acadie,² home of the happy.

¹ (pron. grān-prā) French for *large* words, the diacritical marks are those of *meadow*; a village of Acadia in which some of the events of the story took place. See map. [In the pronunciations of French

Webster's Dictionary. The nasal sound of *n* is indicated by *N.*] ²pron. ă'kā-dē.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,¹
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré 21
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the
eastward.

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant.

Shut out the turbulent tides³; but at stated seasons the flood-gates

Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward

Blomidon⁸ rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty At-
lantic 30

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

¹ a small bay off the eastern part of the Bay of Fundy, between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

² The Bay of Fundy is remarkable for its high tides. They rise rapidly to the height of 50 to 60 feet, rushing in with great force.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of
chestnut,

Such as the peasants of Normandy¹ built in the reign of the
Henries.²

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows³; and gables
projecting

35

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the
sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chim-
neys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles⁴
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs⁵ spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping⁶ looms, whose noisy shuttles within
doors

41

Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs
of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the
children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless
them.

Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and
maidens,

45

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate wel-
come.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the
sun sank

¹ a part of France, bordering the English Channel. It was formerly a distinct province.

spinning-wheel, for holding the bunch of wool or flax which is to be spun.

² Kings of France in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

⁶ The noise made by the shuttle in weaving, as it flies from one side of the cloth to the other, is compared to the sound of voices passing back and forth between persons chatting or gossiping.

³ dormer-window, a window set upright in the sloping roof of a house, and usually looking into a *dormitory* (sleeping-room); hence the name.

⁷ The shuttle is the instrument with which the weaver passes or *shoots* the woof (cross threads) from one side of the cloth to the other between the warp (threads extending lengthwise).

⁴ a loose term for jacket or petticoat, here probably the latter.

⁵ distaff, a staff or stick attached to a hand

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry

Softly the Angelus¹ sounded, and over the roofs of the village Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending, Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment. 51

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,— Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows; 55

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré, Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household, 60

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters; Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;

White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.

¹ a form of prayer or devotion in the Roman Catholic Church, commemorating the announcement by the Angel Gabriel to Mary that she was to be the mother of Jesus (Luke i. 28). The devotion in the Latin language commences with the words

"Angelus Domini" (the Angel of the Lord). In the poem the word refers to the ringing of the church bell notifying the hour for the prayer, which in many Roman Catholic communities is recited morning, noon, and evening, every day.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by
the wayside, 66

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade
of her tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the
maiden. 70

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its
turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his
hyssop¹

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads²
and her missal.³

Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings 75

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom.

Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after con-
fession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her. 80

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

¹ a wall-growing plant often used in religious ceremonial for sprinkling; in Scripture the symbol of purification, as in Psalms li. 7, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean."

² string of beads used by Roman Catholics

for counting prayers in a devotion called the Rosary.

* a book containing the prayers used in the service of the mass in the Roman Catholic Church.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing
around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a foot-
path 85

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,¹
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.²
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its
moss-grown 90

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the
barns and the farm-yard;

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs
and the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feath-
ered seraglio,³

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the
selfsame 95

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.⁴

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In
each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent in-
mates 100

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks⁵ rattled and sang of mutation.

¹ an annex with its roof sloping from the wall of the building to which it is attached; here, a slight projecting roof.

² the mother of Christ.

³ an inclosure; "feathered seraglio," inclosure of feathered animals.

⁴ referring to the crowing of the cock after Peter had thrice denied Christ. Luke xxii. 60, 61.

⁵ on the top of roofs or steeples, to show the direction of the wind; so called from being often in the form of a cock.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of
 Grand-Pré
 Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his house-
 hold.
 Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his mis-
 sal, 105
 Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
 Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her
 garment!
 Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
 And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her foot-
 steps,
 Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of
 iron; 110
 Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint¹ of the village,
 Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whis-
 pered
 Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
 But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;
 Gabriel Lajeunesse,² the son of Basil the blacksmith, 115
 Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all
 men;
 For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
 Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
 Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest
 childhood
 Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
 Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them
 their letters 121
 Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and
 the plain-song.³
 But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
 Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.

¹ a saint chosen as special guardian or
 protector.

² pron. lä-zhë-nës.

³ the Gregorian chant in church music.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold
him

125

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the
cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.¹

Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny
and crevice,

130

Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the
ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the
chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the
meadow.

135

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the
rafters,

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow

Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its
fledglings²;

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.

140

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the
morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into
action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.

¹ Before the iron tire is put on a wheel it is made red-hot in a circle-shaped fire on the ground. This expands it, and when it cools on the wheel, it contracts and binds the woodwork firmly together.

² Among the French there is a story that if a swallow's young one is blind, the mother finds a small stone on the sea-shore with which she restores its sight.

"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie"¹ was she called; for that was
the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards
with apples; 145
She too would bring to her husband's house delight and
abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder
and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion² enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-
bound, 150
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of Sep-
tember
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the
angel.³
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their
honey 155
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beauti-
ful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-
Saints!⁴

¹ St. Eulalie's Day is February 12. There was a popular saying among the Normans of France that "if the sun shines on St. Eulalie's Day there will be apples and cider in plenty."

² in astronomy, one of the twelve signs of the zodiac, which the sun enters about

October 23. The time was mid-autumn.

³ referring to the Scripture patriarch Jacob's wrestling with the angel. Gen. xxxii. 24-30.

⁴ the "Indian summer," beginning about November 1, which in the Roman Catholic Church is the feast of All-Saints.

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the
landscape 160

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of
the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony
blended.

Voice of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-
yards,

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the
great sun 166

Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around
him;

While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the
forest

Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles
and jewels.¹ 170

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and still-
ness,

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight
descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to
the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each
other,

And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of
evening. 175

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,

¹ Ancient Greek writers tell us that the Persian King Xerxes, who invaded Greece 480 B.C., found a plane-tree which he ad- mired so much that he put a beautiful man- tie upon it, and adorned it with precious jewels.

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved
from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from
the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the
watch-dog, 180
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his
instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their pro-
tector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the
wolves howled. 185
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the
marshes,
Laden with briny hay,¹ that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and
their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous sad-
dles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crim-
son, 190
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-
yard, 195
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-
doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

¹ having the smell of the salt water, being cut near the sea-shore.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer

Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the
smoke-wreaths 200

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him.

Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his armchair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the
dresser.¹ 205

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sun-shine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian ¹ vine-
yards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind
her. 211

Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a
bagpipe,³

Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.

As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the
 altar. 216

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.*

¹ a set of shelves for holding dishes.

² Burgundy, in the eastern part of France, is famous for its wines. Like Normandy, famous for its cider, it was formerly a separate province.

⁸ a wind instrument of music, much used in the Highlands of Scotland.

⁴ an onomatopoetic expression, i.e., the sound of the spoken words resembles the thing signified.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly
lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its
hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the black-
smith, 220
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with
him.
“ Welcome! ” the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused
on the threshold,
“ Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the
settle¹.
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without
thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of to-
bacco; 225
Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face
gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the
marshes.”
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the black-
smith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—
“ Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy
ballad! 231
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horse-
shoe.”²
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought
him, 235
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly con-
tinued:—

¹ A settle is a bench with a high back.

² a sign of good luck to the finder.

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
 Ride in the Gaspereau's¹ mouth, with their cannon pointed
 against us.
 What their design may be is unknown²; but all are com-
 manded
 On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's
 mandate³ 240
 Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean
 time
 Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
 Then made answer the farmer:—"Perhaps some friendlier
 purpose
 Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in
 England
 By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
 And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and
 children."⁴ 246
 "Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly the
 blacksmith,
 Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he con-
 tinued:—
 "Louisburg⁵ is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour,⁶ nor Port
 Royal."
 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
 Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
 Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all
 kinds; 252

¹ a river which flows into the Basin of Minas, near Grand-Pré.

² That is, to the people of Grand-Pré. The design of the British was kept strictly secret until it was announced in the church.

³ the command of the King of England.

⁴ a town and fort on Cape Breton Island, built by the French. It was besieged and captured by the British in 1745.

⁵ (pron. bō sē-zhōōr) a French fort on the isthmus between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, attacked and captured by the British a short time previous to the expulsion of the Acadians.

⁶ Port Royal (now Annapolis), a town of Nova Scotia, founded by the French in 1604, and captured by the British in 1710.

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of
the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our
cornfields," 255

Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the
contract."

Built are the house and the barn.³ The merry lads of the vil-
lage 260

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe³
round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelve-
month.

René Leblanc⁴ will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our chil-
dren?"

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her
lover's, 265

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had
spoken,

And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary pub-
lic;

¹ the contract of the proposed marriage between Evangeline and Gabriel Lajeunesse.

² for the young couple.

³ farming-land : the present meaning is

more commonly the farming land belonging to a parsonage.

⁴ the notary of the village. The notary is a public officer who attests contracts, deeds, and other documents.

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with
horn bows

271

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great
watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a
captive,

275

Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the
English.¹

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou² in the forest, 280
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche,³ the ghost of a child who unchristened

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,⁴
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,⁵

285

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover⁶ and
horseshoes,⁷

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.

¹ He had been in the British service and had been captured and imprisoned by the French.

² (*pron. lōō gā-rōō*) French for were-wolf (man-wolf); according to the old French tales, a man having power to change himself into a wolf to devour children.

³ *pron. lā-tēsh.*

⁴ In some countries there is a popular belief that on Christmas eve the cattle in their stables fall on their knees in honor of the birth of Christ.

⁵ In parts of England it was at one time a popular belief that a nutshell with a spider in it, hung on the neck, would cure a fever.

⁶ Among the peasantry of Ireland it is said that a four-leaved shamrock, or clover (which usually has but three leaves), brings wealth and good fortune to the person who finds it. The same fancy is not uncommon in America.

⁷ See l. 284 and note.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,

"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village," 290

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public,—

"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth,¹ yet am never the wiser;

And what their errand may be I know no better than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention 295

Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"

"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;

"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,— 300

"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice

Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."

This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it Whenever neighbors complained that any injustice was done them. 305

"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember, Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice²

¹ truth; from a root meaning *that which is*.

² Justice is sometimes represented in the form of a statue with a pair of scales in the left hand and a sword in the other, the scales suggesting that the evidence for and against an accused person must be carefully weighed and considered, and the sword intimating that punishment awaits the guilty.

Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people. 310

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace 315

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion

Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.

She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold, Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.

As to her Father in Heaven her innocent spirit ascended, 320

Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,

And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie, Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was in-woven." 325

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;

All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors

Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table, 330
 Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-
 brewed

Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village
 of Grand-Pré;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-
 horn,

Wrote with a steady hand the date, and the age of the parties,
 Naming the dower¹ of the bride in flocks of sheep and in
 cattle. 335

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were com-
 pleted,

And the great seal² of the law was set like a sun on the mar-
 gin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
 Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
 And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and bridegroom,
 Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare. 341
 Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and de-
 parted,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
 Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old
 men 345

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
 Laughed when a man³ was crowned, or a breach was made in
 the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's em-
 brasure,

Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise

¹ property which a bride brings to her husband. See l. 367.

² a stamp impressed upon or attached to a contract, deed, or other document, to make it binding in law. It is usually round and about the size of a silver dollar.

³ one of the pieces used in playing draughts, or checkers; it is crowned when the player succeeds in moving it into the king-row, or back row, of his opponent's side of the board.

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows. 350
 Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
 Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew,¹ and straight-way

Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household. 355

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
 Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness, 361

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
 Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded 365

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.

¹ curfew, from the French *couver-feu* (cover-fire); the ringing of a bell in towns and villages at a certain hour in the evening as a notice to the inhabitants to withdraw to their homes, cover up their fires, put out their lights, and retire to rest. This custom, now rare, was universal during the

middle ages. Its object was to prevent disorderly conduct at late hours in the streets, which in those times were not lighted at night, or patrolled by organized police. The custom is said to have been introduced into England by William the Conqueror (1066).

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant
moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the
heart of the maiden 370

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the
ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and
her shadow. 375

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the
moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the
moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her foot-
steps, 380

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with
Hagar.¹

IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of
Grand-Pré,

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at
anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the
morning. 386

Now from the country around, from the farms and neighbor-
ing hamlets,

¹ See Gen. xxi. 14.

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous mead-
ows,

390

Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the
greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the
highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at
the house-doors

394

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was an-
other's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father; 400
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and
gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary
seated,

405

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the bee-
hives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and
of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his
snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fid-
dler

410

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres,*¹ and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque,*²

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music. 414
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons
sonorous 420

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in
the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on
the headstones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly
among them 425

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.

¹ (pron. tō̄ lā bōr-zhwā dù shärtr) ² (pron. lü kā-rē-yon dù dün-kerk) "The French for "All the Citizens of Chartres," Chimes of Dunkirk" (town of France), the first words, or name, of an old French name of an old French song.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of
the altar, 430

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commis-
sion.¹

"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's
orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered
his kindness

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my
temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be griev-
ous. 435

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all
kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this
province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell
there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people! 440

Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleas-
ure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice² of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hail-
stones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shatters his
windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from
the house-roofs, 445

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the
speaker.

¹ formal order from the king.

north from the equator, on the 21st of June.

² The sun reaches the summer solstice, the point in the ecliptic where it is farthest

The poet means the heavy weather of late June and July.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then
rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-
way. 450

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads
of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the black-
smith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly
he shouted,— 455

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn
them allegiance!”

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and
our harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a
soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the
pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician 461
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the
altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and
mournful 465

Spake he, as, after the tocsin’s¹ alarum, distinctly the clock
strikes.

¹ See Introduction, p. 18.

² The poet probably had in mind the bell and clock of a church tower. After “the strife and turmoil of angry contention,”

Father Felician “spake in measured accents,” just as, after the clangorous ringing of an alarm, the clock may strike slowly and distinctly.

"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?

470

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!

475

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,

480

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar;

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria.¹

¹ the prayer of Jesus after being nailed to Mary," the first words of a Latin prayer said in the Roman Catholic Church to the

² (pron. ah-vä mah-rë-ä) Latin for "Hail, mother of Christ."

Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated, 485

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah¹ ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending, 490

Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy; 495

And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial² meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen, And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,— Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience! 501

Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,

¹ See 2 Kings ii. 11.

² sweet-smelling, from ambrosia, the food of the gods, which was said to be very deli- cious, and to make those who partook of it immortal. Nectar, the drink of the gods, has also become proverbial.

Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,

Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children. 505

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet¹ descending from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows 510

Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,

"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave² of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted, 515

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.

¹ Moses. See Exodus xxxiv. 29-35.

² the church in which the people were held prisoners.

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing
thunder 520
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He
created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of
Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered
till morning.

V.

FOUR times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth
day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-
house. 525
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian
women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-
shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwell-
ings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the
woodland. 530
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the
oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of
playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on
the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats
ply; 535
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the
churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the
church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy
procession 540

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and
their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forgot they are weary and
way-worn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and
their daughters. 545

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their
voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—
“ Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!

Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and
patience! ”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that
stood by the wayside 550

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine
above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached
her, 555

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and
whispered,—

"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
 Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may
 happen!" 560

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her
 father

Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
 Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye,
 and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his
 bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and em-
 braced him, 565

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed
 not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful
 procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of em-
 barking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late,
 saw their children 570

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest en-
 treaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
 While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her
 father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the
 twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the reflux¹
 ocean 575

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
 Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-
 weed.

¹ flowing back; the tide going out.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer¹ after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them, 580
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore² the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their
pastures; 585

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their
udders;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the
farm-yard,—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the
milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus
sounded;³

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from
the windows. 590

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been
kindled,

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in
the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,

Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of
children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish, 595

Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and
cheering,

¹ camp of an army. The word is antiquated.

² Because of the great fall of the tide. See note on l. 25. ³ Compare with ll. 49, 50.

Like unto shipwrecked Paul¹ on Melita's desolate seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,

And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion, 600

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,

Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.

"*Benedicite!*"² murmured the priest, in tones of compassion. 605

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,

Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals. 611

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon

¹ Read account of the shipwreck in Acts xxvii., xxviii. ² Latin for "bless you," meaning "God bless you."

Titan-like¹ stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and
meadow, 615

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows
together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the
roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering
hands of a martyr. 620

Then as the wind seized the gleeds² and the burning thatch,
and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred
house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and
on shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their an-
guish, 625

“ We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-
Pré! ”

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs inter-
rupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping en-
campments 630

Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the Nebraska,³
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of
the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

¹ According to the early Grecian mythol-
ogy, there was, of the race of the Titans, a
hundred-handed giant named Briareus.

² burning coals (archaic).
³ the Platte River, of Nebraska, some-
times called the Nebraska.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and
the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er
the meadows.

635

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and
the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened be-
fore them;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent compan-
ion,

Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the
seashore

639

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his
bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude
near her.

645

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon
her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around
her,

649

And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—

“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our
exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.”

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the
sea-side,

655

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book,¹ they buried the farmer of Grand-
Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congrega-
tion,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the
dirges. 660

'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the
ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying
landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embark-
ing;

And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the har-
bor,

Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village
in ruins. 665

¹ without funeral bell, or book for burial service.

PART THE SECOND.

L

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-
Pre.

When on the wing all the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Made without an end, and without an example in story.
In summer, on separate roasts, the Acadians landed; 670
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from
the north east

Strode aside through the fogs that darken the Banks¹ of
Newfoundland.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern sav-
annahs.

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father
of Waters² 675

Wore the hulk in his hands, and drags them down to the
ocean.

Down their lands to bury the scattered bones of the mam-
moth.³

Up to the south but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a
brother.

¹ The Banks of the sea bor-
dering the Atlantic Ocean,
between Newfoundland and the
maine, without trees.

² An extinct animal resembling the ele-
phant, but larger; numerous bones have
been found in many places in the United
States and Canada.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the church-yards. 680

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered
before her, 685

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sun-shine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished; 689

As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever
within her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the
spirit, 694

She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses
and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its
bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper, 699
Came with its airy hand¹ to point and beckon her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and
known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

¹ Note the increasing degrees of indefiniteness: rumor, hearsay, whisper, airy hand.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;

Coureurs-des-bois¹ are they, and famous hunters and trap-pers." 705

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.

He is a *voyageur*² in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal? 710 Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy! Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."³ Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I can-not!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere. 715

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness." Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor, Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted; 720 If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

¹ (*pron. kōō-rūr d̄s bwē*) French for wood-runners; persons who acted as guides for traders in the back regions of Canada. The French, it must be remembered, were before the English in exploring and trading in the country west of the Alleghanies.

² (*pron. vwā-yā-zhūr*) French for travellers; persons who carried goods by rivers and

across the country in the interior of Canada.

³ "To braid St. Catherine's tresses" is a French proverb meaning to live unmarried. The reference is to St. Catherine of Alexandria (Egypt), the patron of virgins, who was martyred during the persecutions of the Christians under the Roman emperor Maximilian (A.D. 307).

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is god-like.

725

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean, But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered,

"Despair not!"

730

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards¹ and thorns of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse!² to follow the wanderer's footsteps;— Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:

735

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only; Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,

¹ pieces of broken earthen vessels; here meaning griefs, troubles of life.

² the goddess of song. The ancients believed there were nine goddesses—called the Nine Muses—who presided over the different arts and sciences. Following the classic custom (note the beginnings of the "Iliad" and the "Aeneid") modern poets sometimes "invoke the muse" as though calling on a protecting deity.

Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find¹ a spot where it reaches an
outlet.

740

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,²
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,³
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boat-
men.

It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the ship-
wrecked

745

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common mis-
fortune;

Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by
hearsay,

Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred
farmers

On the Acadian coast,⁴ and the prairies of fair Opelousas.⁵

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Fe-
lician.

751

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with
forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;

Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its bor-
ders.

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where
plumelike

755

¹ Note the use of the subjunctive mood.

² the Ohio, which means "beautiful river."

³ a river which, forming the boundary in part between Indiana and Illinois, flows into the Ohio.

⁴ Districts near the mouth of the Missis-

sippi, on both sides of the river, were so called because of numbers of exiled Aca- dians having settled in them. Further down is the Golden Coast (l. 764); look at the map, p. 15, and note, p. 71.

⁵ a town and district of Louisiana.

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons,¹ where silvery sandbars Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling² waves of their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded. 759

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river, Shaded by china-trees,³ in the midst of luxuriant gardens, Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dove-cots. They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,

Where through the Golden Coast,⁴ and groves of orange and citron, 764

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward. They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,⁵

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters, Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction. Over their heads the towering and tenebrous⁶ boughs of the cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air 770
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset, Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.

¹ shallow ponds or lakes, especially those into which the sea flows.

² rippling. Note the use of "apt alliteration's artful aid."

³ China-tree, the soapberry, an evergreen, bearing red berries, used as a substitute for soap. It grows in North Mexico and parts of our southern States.

⁴ The banks of the Mississippi, above New Orleans, were so called from the extreme richness of the soil.

⁵ The Bayou of Plaquemine connected the Mississippi, near the town Plaquemine, with the Atchafalaya.

⁶ dark, gloomy.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the
water, 775

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the
arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks
in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around
them;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sad-
ness,—

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be com-
passed. 780

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mi-
mosa,¹

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has
attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the
moonlight. 786

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a
phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles² had Gabriel wandered before
her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and
nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the
oarsmen, 790

And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on
his bugle.

¹ a plant, one species of which, called the sensitive plant, closes its leaves when agi-
tated.

² formed by the trees, as before described.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,

Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the forest.

Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.

795

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,

800

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,

Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

805

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.¹

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus.²

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen. 810
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan³ islands, Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

¹ a river of Louisiana.

² a water plant, producing a beautiful flower.

³ The Latin *sylva* means a wood or forest. See note, l. 1253.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita¹ willows, that grew by the mar-
gin,

816

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the
greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slum-
bered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope² of a cedar.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the
grape-vine

820

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,³

On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to
blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath
it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening
heaven

825

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trap-
pers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and
beaver.

830

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and
careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sad-
ness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and rest-
less,

834

¹ a river in Louisiana, correctly spelled
Ouachita.

² covering.

³ See Gen. xxviii. 10-12.

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
 Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
 But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos;
 So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the
 willows;
 All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were
 the sleepers;
 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering
 maiden. 840
 Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the
 prairie.
 After the sound of their oars on the tholes¹ had died in the
 distance,
 As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
 Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
 Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition? 846
 Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
 Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
 Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he
 answered,— 850
 "Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me
 without meaning,
 Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the
 surface
 Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hid-
 den.
 Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illu-
 sions.
 Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
 On the banks of the Têche,² are the towns of St. Maur and
 St. Martin, 856

¹ pins set in the sides of a boat as ful-
 crums for the oars in rowing.

² (pron. tesh) a bayou of Louisiana flow-
 ing into the Atchafalaya Bayou.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her
bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheep-
fold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-
trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the for-
est.

861

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.”

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their
journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the land-
scape;

865

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled to-
gether.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless
water.

Filled was Evangeline’s heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feel-
ing

871

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around
her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of
singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent
to listen.

876

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to
madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.¹

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,

880

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,

And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;

886

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks from whose branches

Garlands of Spanish moss² and of mystic mistletoe³ flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,⁴

890

¹ (pron. ba-kan'tēz). According to ancient mythology, Bacchus was the god of wine. Some of his followers who worshipped him by wild dances and songs, and other excesses, were called Bacchantes.

² called also long moss; a plant with gray stems and leaves, forming dense hanging tufts, which drape the forests of the southern United States.

³ an evergreen plant which grows as a parasite on many kinds of trees—sometimes, but rarely, on the oak. The ancient Celtic inhabitants of Britain and France regarded the oak mistletoe with special reverence,

believing it to possess magical virtues. When found, one of their Druids mounted the tree, and with a knife or hatchet of gold cut the mistletoe, which was received in his robe by another Druid standing on the ground.

⁴ Yule was the Anglo-Saxon word for the winter solstice—the shortest day in the year (Dec. 21). This being about Christmas, Yule came to be used for the latter festival. The burning of a great log of wood—the Yule-log—on the hearth, was one of the features of the Christmas celebration.

Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden

Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns sup-
ported,

895

Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sun-
shine

901

Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in
shadow,

And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless
prairie,

906

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the
tropics,

Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the
prairie,

911

Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish
sombrero

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its mas-
ter.

915

Round about him were numberless herds of kine that were
grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the
evening.

921

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.

Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the
prairie,

And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate
of the garden

926

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to
meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and
forward

Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the black-
smith.

930

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly
embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thought-
ful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and
misgivings

935

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embar-
rassed,

Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the
bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
 Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous
 accent,

940

"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his
 shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and la-
 mented.

Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he
 said it,—

"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
 Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my
 horses.

945

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
 Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
 Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
 Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
 He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
 Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent
 him

951

Unto the town of Adayes¹ to trade for mules with the Span-
 iards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Moun-
 tains,²

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the
 beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
 He is not far on his way, and the Fates³ and the streams are
 against him.

956

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the
 morning,

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

¹ in Texas.² in Arkansas and Missouri.³ The fates were three sister goddesses of ancient mythology. They were represented as controlling the destinies of human exist-

ence. One, named Clotho, spun the thread of life from a distaff she held in her arms; the second, Lachesis, twisted it; and the third, Atropos, cut it with huge scis-
 sors.

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on Olympus,¹
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals. 962
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straight-way 965

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured, Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips, Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters. Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant² black-smith, 970

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor; Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate.

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda, 975

Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil

Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illumining the landscape with silver, Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors, 980

¹ a mountain of ancient Greece, on the top of which, according to Greek mythology, were the golden mansions of the gods. ² (pron. sē-dū-van) French for late, former.

Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches¹ tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:—

985

“ Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer;

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.

990

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,

996

No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,²

¹ a town and district of Louisiana.

² The country up and down the Mississippi was explored and settled chiefly by the French. Just what is the time of this part of the story is uncertain. The Acadian settlers reached New Orleans in 1765; this

must have been somewhat later. Louisiana became Spanish in 1763, and was ceded back to France in 1801. It was never English, but was acquired by the United States in 1803. The name was then applied to an immense territory, not merely to the present State.

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms
and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nos-
trils,

While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the
table, 1000

So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nos-
trils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and
gayer:—

" Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate, 1005
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nut-
shell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps ap-
proaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles¹ and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herds-
man. 1010

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were
as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the mad-
dening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering gar-
ments. 1020

¹ persons born in the southern American colonies, of European parentage.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and
the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the gar-
den.

1026

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam
of the moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious
spirit.

1030

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and
confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.¹
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and
night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical
moonlight

1035

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden-gate, and beneath the shade of the
oak-trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless
prairie.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies 1039
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and wor-
ship,

¹ The Carthusians are a religious order of silence is one of the rules of the order, the monks, founded in the eleventh century in Chartreux, France; Latin, Cartusiensis, from which the name is derived. Strict monks being allowed to speak only occa-
sionally.

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,¹

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."²

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fireflies,

1045

Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!

1050

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,

1055

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns³ of darkness;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses

1060

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.

¹ the sky.

² Read Daniel v. 5-29.

* There was an ancient Grecian oracle at Dodona in a grove of oaks, from which answers were given to inquiries regarding the future. A more celebrated oracle was that

of Apollo at Delphi on the slopes of Parnassus. The inspired words of a priestess who inhaled the hallowed air of a cavern in the side of the mountain was interpreted by the priests.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son¹ from his fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin,² who slept when the bridegroom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended

1065

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded, Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,

1071

Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain

Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,

Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous³ landlord

1075

That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,

Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.

¹ Read Luke xv. 11-32.² Read Matthew xxv. 1-13.³ talkative.

Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like
a gateway, 1080

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon¹ flows and the Walleway² and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Moun-
tains,³

Through the Sweet-water Valley⁴ precipitate⁵ leaps the Ne-
braska⁶;

And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout⁷ and the Spanish
Sierras,⁸ 1085

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the
desert,

Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the
ocean,

Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibra-
tions.

Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful
prairies, 1089

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.⁹
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the
roe-buck;

Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with
travel; 1094

Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,¹⁰

¹ a river, now the Columbia, second in size on the Pacific coast.

² a river having its source in north Nevada, and flowing into the Snake River, an affluent of the Niobrara.

³ in the western part of Wyoming, form part of the Rocky Mountains.

⁴ in Wyoming.

⁵ as over a precipice; headlong.

⁶ The Nebraska, or Platte River, rises in the Rocky Mountains and flows into the Missouri River.

⁷ (pron. fon-tan-ké-bó) French for boil-

ing spring; a creek of Colorado running into the Arkansas River at Pueblo.

⁸ mountain range in Utah and New Mexico; "sierra" means like the teeth of a saw, from the Spanish *sierra*, a saw.

⁹ amorpha, a shrub of irregular shape, known as false indigo or lead plant, having long dense clusters of blue-violet flowers.

¹⁰ Ishmael, son of Hagar. Genesis xxi. 14-21. The Arabs regard him as their ancestor. The American Indians have been thought of as his descendants because of their wandering habits and warlike spirit.

Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.

Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage
marauders; 1100

Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running
rivers;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,

And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them. 1105

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,

Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.

Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake
him.

Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his
camp-fire 1110

Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at night-fall,

When they had reached the place, they found only embers
and ashes.

And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies
were weary,

Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana¹
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished
before them. 1115

¹ kind of mirage or optical illusion, misshapen, or multiplied. It is seen particularly which shows distant objects as if inverted, at the Strait of Messina, in Italy.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered

Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sor-
row.

She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-des-bois,¹ had been
murdered. 1121

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and
friendliest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted
among them

On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.

But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his com-
panions, 1125

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer
and the bison,

Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the
quivering fire-light

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up
in their blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian ac-
cent, 1130

All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and re-
verses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disap-
pointed.

Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compas-
sion,

and being supposed to be caused by a Fata in the distance, but on approaching the
or fairy named Morgana, it was so called. place he finds he is the victim of an ocular
In some southern parts of the United States deception.
the traveller sees what appear to be lakes

¹ See note on l. 705.

Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near
her,

1135

She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of
the Mowis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a
maiden,

1140

But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wig-
wam,

Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the
forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird
incantation,¹

Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau,² who was wooed by a
phantom,

1145

That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush
of the twilight,

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the
maiden,

Till she followed his green and waving plume through the
forest,

And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.

Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around
her

1151

Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the
enchantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the
woodland.

1155

¹ relating to witchcraft.

² (pron. le-lé-nó) the subject of an Indian legend.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.

Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a
secret,

Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swal-
low. 1160

It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phan-
tom.

With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom
had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and the
Shawnee 1165

Said, as they journeyed along,—“On the western slope of
these mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief¹ of the Mis-
sion.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and
Jesus;

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they
hear him.”

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline an-
swered,— 1170

“Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!”
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the
mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mis-
sion. 1175

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,

¹ a Jesuit priest, so called by the Indians because of his black dress.

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines.

Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.

This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches 1180

Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurru^s and sighs of the
branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching.

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.

But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands
of the sower, 1186

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them

Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,

And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wig-wam. 1190

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—

"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes, 1195

¹ susurrus—literally, whispering. Note the alliteration and onomatopoeia.

Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his
journey!"

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent
of kindness;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the
snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but
in autumn, 1200

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submis-
sive,

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the mor-
row,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and com-
panions, 1205

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mis-
sion.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that
were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now wav-
ing about her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and form-
ing 1210

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by
squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the
maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-
field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.

"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy
prayer will be answered! 1216

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the
meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the mag-
net;

It is the compass-flower,¹ that the finger of God has sus-
pended

Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert. 1221

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fra-
grance,

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is
deadly.

Only this humble plant² can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel³ flowers, that are wet with the dews
of nepenthe."⁴ 1226

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter—yet Ga-
briel came not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and
bluebird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came
not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom. 1231
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.

¹ a plant that grows in the American prairies, the leaves of which, it is said, point due north and south, and are thus sometimes useful to hunters or travellers as a compass in enabling them to fix the direction of their journey.

² As the compass-flower is a guide to the traveller, so faith is the guide to the Christian.

³ a plant producing beautiful flowers, which, according to the ancient poets, abound in the fields and meadows of the regions of happiness in the next world.

⁴ a magic draught mentioned by Homer and other ancient writers, which was supposed to relieve pain and produce forgetfulness of sorrow.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.

When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches, 1236

She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places

1239

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—

Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,¹

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,

Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;

1245

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.

Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,

Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

1251

V.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,

Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn² the apostle,

¹ Moravians, a religious body, also called the United Brethren, which formed a separate church in Moravia, a district of Austria, about the middle of the fifteenth century. The Moravians have been noted for their missionary activity.

² William Penn, a Quaker, the first colonizer of the district named after him—Pennsylvania (literally, Penn's forest country, from the Latin *sylva*, a wood). Notice later (ll. 1256, 1257) how the poet continues the thought of the forest.

Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.¹

There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty, 1255

And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,²

As if they fain would appease the Dryads³ whose haunts they molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile, Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.

There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed, Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants. 1261 Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city, Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,

For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country, 1265

Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor, Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining, Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us, 1271 Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets, So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway

Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance. 1275

¹ Philadelphia.

² Many of the streets of Philadelphia have the names of trees, as Chestnut St., Spruce St., Walnut St., etc.

³ nymphs or goddesses of the woods.

According to ancient mythology every tree had its protecting divinity, who lived and died with the tree intrusted to her care.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and ab-
sence.

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but trans-
figured;

1280

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not
absent;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow 1286
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy¹; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sun-
light,

1290

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watch-
man repeated

Loud, through the dusty streets, that all was well in the city,²
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the
suburbs

1295

Plodded the German farmer,³ with flowers and fruits for the
market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watch-
ings.

¹ a religious order of women in the Roman Catholic Church, who devote themselves to attending and relieving the sick and the poor.

² In former times, before the regular organization of police, city streets were pa-

trolled at night by watchmen who called out the hours, at the same time crying, "All is well."

³ Germantown, now a part of Philadelphia, was settled by Germans.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild
pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their caws
but an acorn. 1300

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the
meadow.

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor; 1305

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;—

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and
wicket 1310

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye always have
with you."¹

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance. 1317
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent. 1320

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.

¹ See Mark xiv. 7.

Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden,

And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance
and beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by
the east-wind, 1325

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of
Christ Church,¹

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were
wafted

Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their
church at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her
spirit;

Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of
sickness. 1331

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in
silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their
faces,

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the
roadside. 1335

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her
presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a
prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers. 1342

¹ a Protestant Episcopal church in Philadelphia.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
 Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
 Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped
 from her fingers,

1345

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the
 morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible an-
 guish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
 On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
 Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his tem-
 ples;

1350

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
 Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
 So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
 Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
 As if life, like the Hebrew,¹ with blood had besprinkled its
 portals,

1355

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
 Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
 Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the
 darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
 Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverbera-
 tions,

1360

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that suc-
 ceeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,
 " Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
 Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his child-
 hood;
 Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
 Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under
 their shadow,

1366

¹ See Exodus xii. 22, 23.

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
 Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
 Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bed-side.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered

1370

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,

1374

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
 All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
 All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
 And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
 Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

1380

Still stands the forest primeval¹; but far away from its shadow,
 Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
 Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
 In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.

¹ Notice here how the poet recurs to the beginning: ll. 1381-1390 remind us of ll. 1-7; ll. 1398, 1399 are almost the same as ll. 5, 6. The purpose here is twofold: first, for the sake of a certain feeling of unity the poet reverts to the original theme; second, he is thereby enabled to bring out more strongly

the contrast between the former comfort and easy happiness of the Acadians and the misery wrought by their transportation. Some other things in the way Longfellow developed his idea will be found indicated by the questions in *d*, p. 27.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and
forever,

1386

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from
their labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their
journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its
branches

1390

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of
homespun,

1396

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring
ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the
forest.

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